

ROLLA-HI

1916



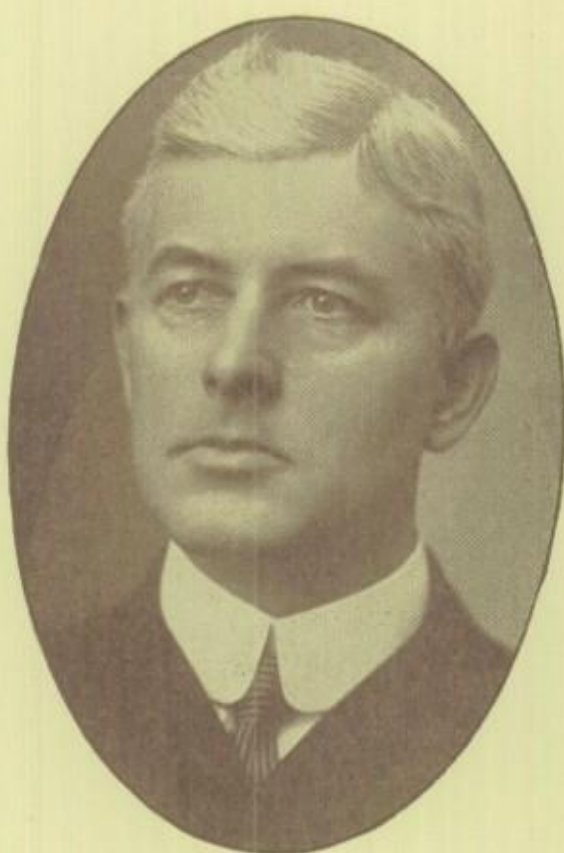
The
Rolla-Mi
for 1916.

Volume 2.

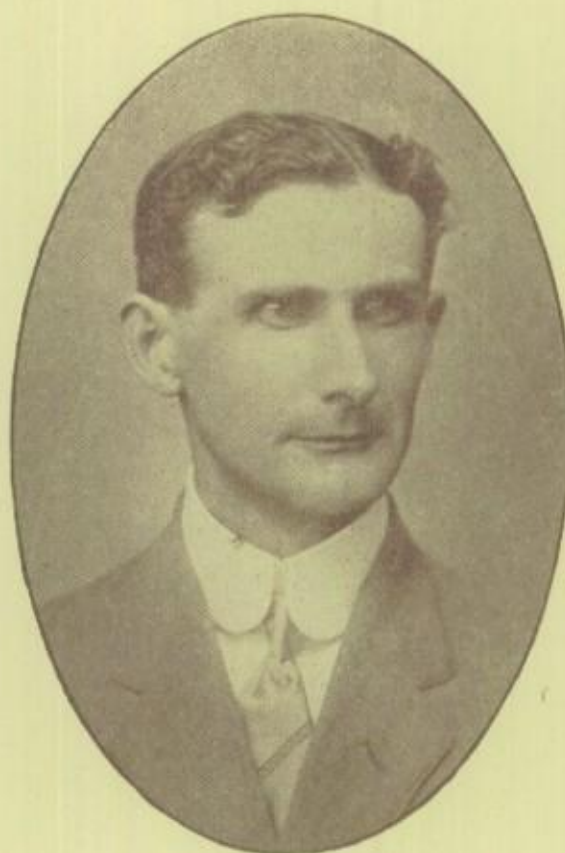
“Within this awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries.”
SCOTT, “The Monastery.”

To
Miss Jessie Via,
as a slight token of the esteem
in which she is held by the
students of the
Rolla High School,
this volume of the Rolla-Hi is
most affectionately dedicated.

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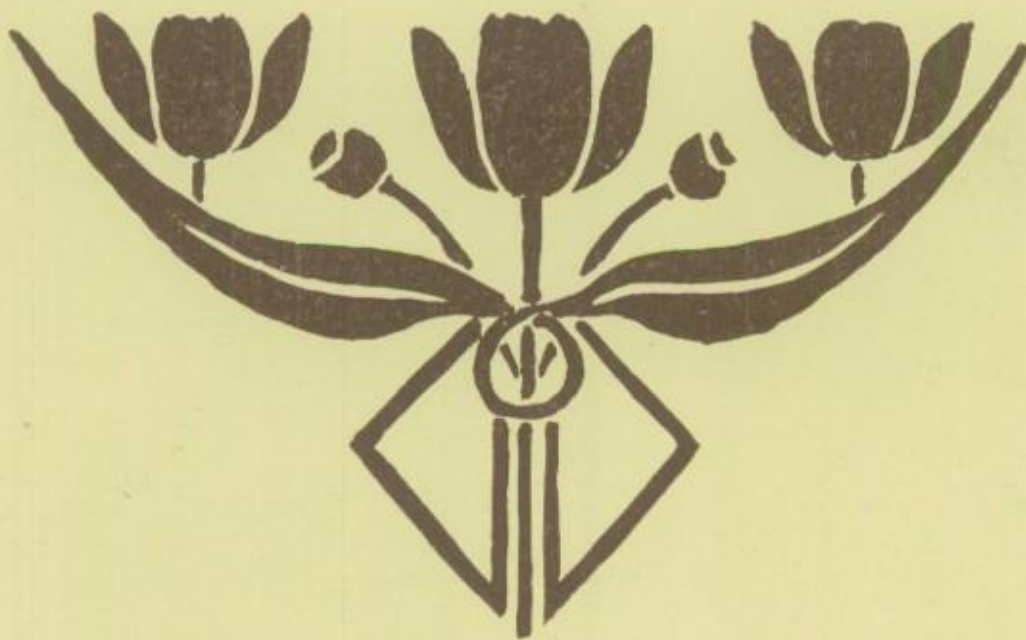
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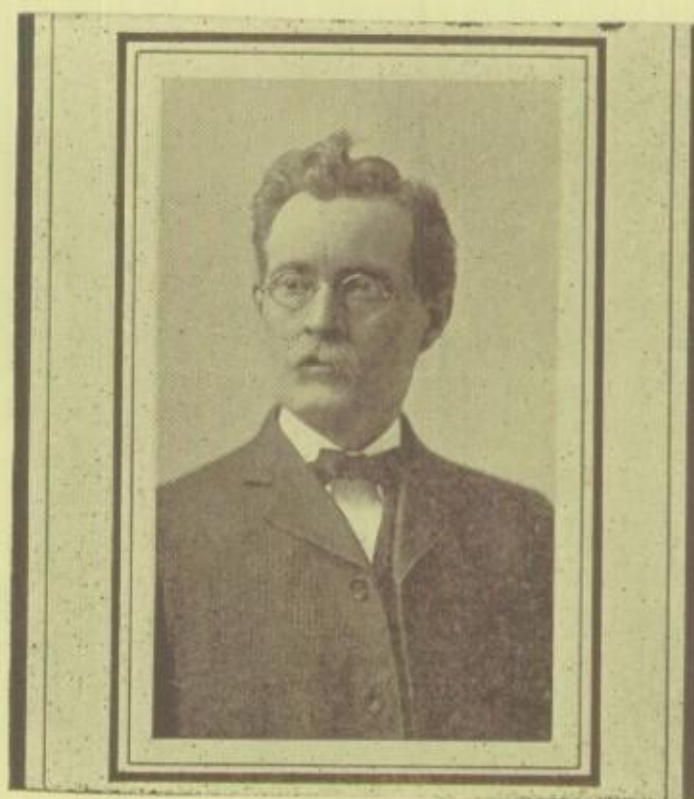
S. P. BRADLEY,
Superintendent.



WM. BUCK,
Principal.



JESSIE VIA.



J. B. SCOTT.

TO THE FACULTY.



For Mr. Scott, and Mr. Buck,
Prof. Bradley and Miss Via;
The love that we have in our hearts
Will never, never, die.



The happy hours we've spent with them
We never can forget;
Their pleasant words, and kind advice,
We still have with us yet.



The "calling downs" that we received
Were blessings in disguise;
Without them we'd have never been
One half so very "wise."



Altho we thot our lessons long,
And so they were, I fear;
It is with sadness in our hearts,
That we close this school year.



We hope to meet them all again
While paddling life's canoe;
And then as wand'ers met again
Our friendship we'll renew.

EDITORIAL.



It is not without some misgivings that the Editors launch this, the second volume of the ROLLA-HI, on the already overcrowded sea of school publications. The public were inclined to overlook the faults of the first issue, saying "of course the next number will be much better." Whether their expectations have been realized, we do not know. We hope they have. We have spared no amount of time and energy to make this book something of which one might justly be proud. We have tried to profit by last year's experiences, altho the general plan of the book has not been radically changed. Especially have we tried to be original. If our originality in some cases seems to have gone too far, we hope that the public will excuse us, as this was only the result of our trying to give something new to our many readers and friends.

We trust that no one will take offense at the personal remarks made in some cases, taking them in the spirit in which they were given. We also hope that we have slighted no one. If we have done so, it was certainly unintentional, as in all the work connected with publishing this book, we have tried to put aside all personal feeling and malice, and to work for the common end—a book that many years hence may bring back to us pleasant memories of high school life, both in the new and the old building.



We, the entire staff of the Rolla-Hi, are grateful for the kindly assistance given us by our friends, in publishing this Rolla-Hi. Art work is something indispensable in a book of this kind, and we can never express our gratitude for those who have so kindly co-operated with us in that department. To Miss Olive Scott, for her cover design and numerous other drawings, and Miss Florence Smith for her "Let's Laugh" and "Prophecy" illustrations, we are truly grateful. Without these drawings the book would have lacked much of its originality. We are indebted to Mr. W. E. Jones for the four class cartoons, in which he has cleverly shown the relations between the various classes. For our athletic drawing we are indebted to a lady who will not allow us to publish her name, but we appreciate it none the less.

We can never forget the assistance given us by Miss Via and Professor Buck. At all times they have worked with untiring energy for the success of this book, and without their help, we could never have made the Rolla-Hi what it is.



RAY DENISON



HELEN BAYSINGER
BUSINESS MANAGER



ARMIN JEWELL

Rolla-Hi



ERIC SCHUMAN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Staff *'16*



NANCY LOVE
ASSISTANT EDITOR



MAXINE SMITH



CHAS. SMITH
ASST. BUSINESS MGR.



HAZEL DENT

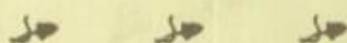
What Outsiders Think of Our Wednesday Morning Programmes.

One day while walking down the street, I chanced to overhear the following remarks pass between two persons:

"Speaking of talented people, you ought to attend some of those Wednesday morning exercises at the High School, if you wish to mingle with people of talent; why last Wednesday the Junior Class displayed a high degree of merit in rendering their programme."

This was all I overheard of the conversation as I passed, but such a compliment as this one should not be begrudged by any student of the High School, be he Freshman or Senior, for when the doings of the student body become a topic of conversation in the circles of prominent citizens, it is a great incentive to the students to put forth their best efforts on these programs.

Robert Stebbins, '18.



A Word of Appreciation.

The student body of the high school has certainly appreciated the co-operation of the citizens in helping with the Mid-Week Exercises. Much good has been derived from the many interesting lectures delivered, and the various musical numbers rendered will never be forgotten. Those lecturing this year, up to the time that the Rolla-Hi went to press, were Rev. C. S. Hanby, Prof. V. H. Gottschalk, Rev. A. B. Carson, Director A. L. McRae, Col. C. L. Woods, Rev. C. F. Wilson, and Bishop Johnson.

Below is a list of the Lectures given last year, but too late for the 1915 Rolla-Hi:

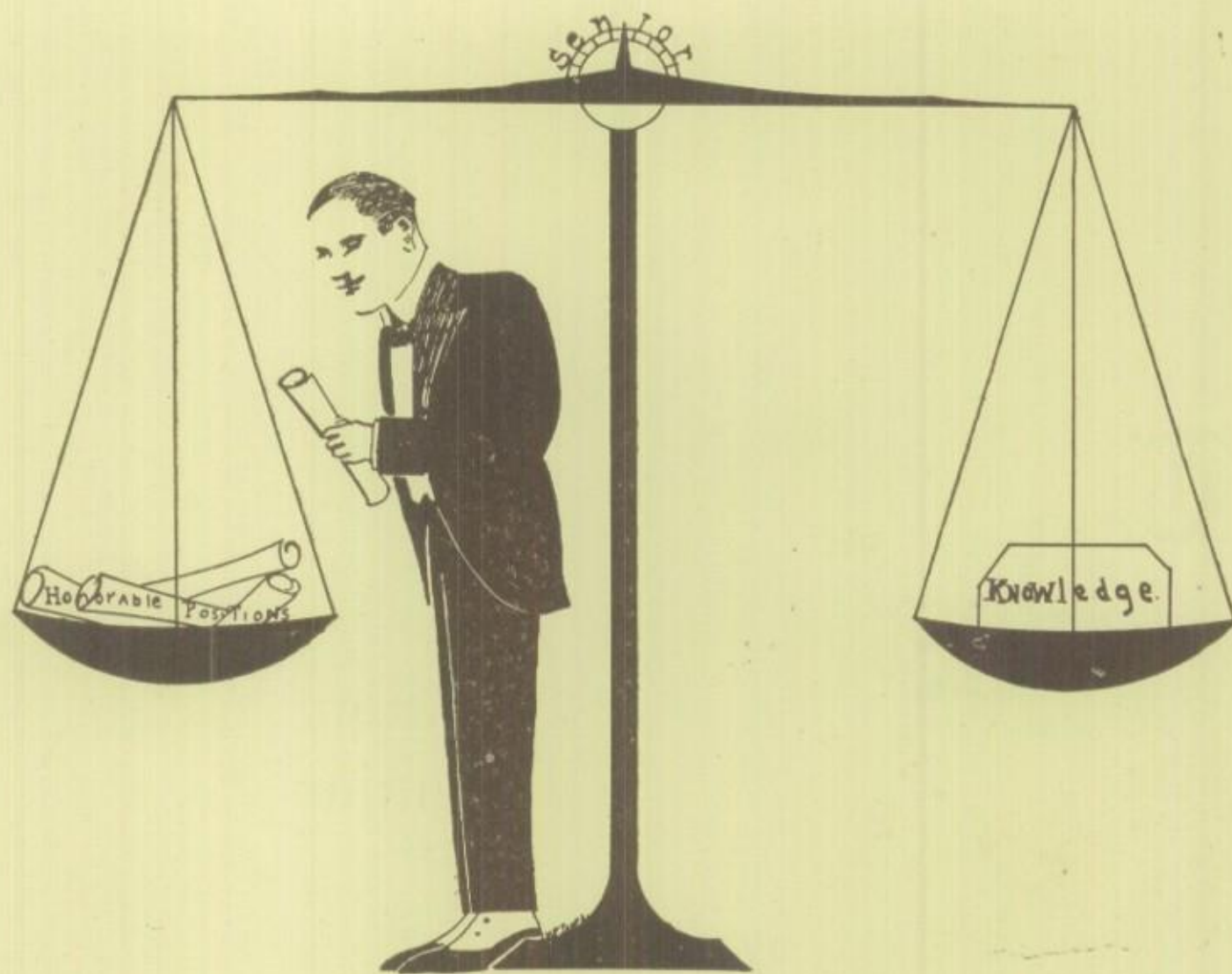
Director Durward Copeland,	"Travels in South America."
Hon. H. A. Buehler,	"Geology of Missouri."
Prof. Forbes,	"Mining."
Prof. Geo. R. Dean,	"Mathematics."
Rev. E. M. Romine,	"Opportunities."
Prof. J. W. Scott,	"The Harmonic Series."
Dean Hall (from Drury College)	"Travels."

THE

Senior
Junior

CLASSSES

Sophomore
Freshman



SENIOR CLASS.



FLOWER—Violet.

COLORS—Violet and Green.

MOTTO:

Labor conquers everything.

OFFICERS:

EVA NORTHERN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President.
ERIC SCHUMAN,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
MARY ADAMS,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer.



16



EVA NORTHERN.

Vice-President, '14, '15.

President, '16.

"There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes and slim and tall."



ERIC SCHUMAN.

President, Deutsche-Genossen-
schaft, '14.

Vice-President Senior Class, '16.

Rolla-Hi Board, '15, '16.

"Nature has framed strange fellows in
her time."



MARY ADAMS.

Secretary and Treasurer, '16.

"Speech is silver, silence is gold."



16



HELEN BAYSINGER.

Basketball, '13, '14, '15, '16.
Rolla-Hi Board, '15, '16.

"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."



HARRY ZIESENISS.

Secretary Deutsche Genossenschaft, '14.

Secretary Class '15.

Basketball, '14, '15, '16.

"He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thot."



EFFIE PORTER.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



MATTIE FREEMAN.

"The style is excellent."



EARL BAUMGARDNER.

Orchestra, '16.

"But love is blind, and lovers can not
see
The petty follies that themselves com-
mit."



MADGE LENOX.

"To find its meaning is my meat and
drink."



16



MINERVA ALLISON.

Deutsche Genossenschaft, '14.

"I hold the world but as the world."



ROBERT STASSEN.

Deutsche Genossenschaft, '14.

"His reasons were as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you find them, they are not worth the search."



SELMA HAMMER.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in a
woman."

CLASS HISTORY.

At present our Senior class numbers twelve, eight girls and four boys. We were expecting to graduate with a baker's dozen but when Berenice Wynn decided she would rather be Mrs. Elfred we were doomed to disappointment.

Only two of this twelve started school here in the first grade: Helen Baysinger and Selma Hammer. In the third grade two new ones were added, these being Mattie Freeman and Harry Zieseniss. Then we traveled along until we caught up with Eric Schuman in number five. Eric says he lost one year on account of his eyes, but we are inclined to think that he knew a good thing when he saw it: our class. Grade seven brought another member: Effie Porter, who was gone the next year, but joined us again in our Freshman year. Mary Adams and Robert Stassen came into the class in the eighth grade. We all remember this year with pride. With Miss Niles as teacher, we accomplished great things. We still like to think about the "Eighth Grade Weekly" and the "feast" we had.

In the Freshman year Earl Baumgardner and Minerva Allison were added to our list and in the Sophomore year Eva Northern. During the next year no new additions were made, and only one this year: Madge Lenox.

If any members of this class should meet after a few years, they would soon be talking about the good times we had in the old Rolla High. "You remember how we used to turn the clock ahead when Professor Yelton was called to the telephone, and how some one broke into the building and put all our books in a pile in the front of the room? And those good old feasts we used to have in the old laboratory, and how we took our "eats" in thru the window so as not to let the teachers know what was in store for the next period; oh but weren't those the good old times?"

During the Sophomore year the German Class organized and called themselves "Die Deutsche Genossenschaft." Many joyful and instructive evenings were spent together.

In athletics we helped a great deal. Last year the captains of both the girls' and boys' basket ball teams were selected from our class.

Many more things could be said, but to sum it all up, the 1916 Senior Class is without doubt, the best that has gone out from the new Rolla High School. Altho we lack some in quantity compared with other classes, we do not lack in quality. Any Senior will vouch for that.

Harry Zieseniss, '16.



PROPHECY

One day while busily working in the lab near the end of the year a feeling of sadness stole over me, that so soon my loyal classmates and I would be separated. While in this dreamy, introspective mood the fumes from the experiment I was making added a feeling of languor, and tho not like Pythia of old, who mounted the tripod, I dropped into the comfortable desk chair, and was given a vision in which I saw the future of my classmates.

First, I saw Helen Baysinger as the society belle of a large city, heretofore known as Rolla, Missouri. She was only continuing the leadership accorded her when in Rolla High.

Peering along the streets I saw a man bending low to enter a magnificent gym. He was employed, I was told, to train the Miners. On inquiring his name, I found that he was no other than our beloved classmate, Harry Z.

As I became still more imbued with the stupefying fumes, I saw a large mansion surrounded with flowers and fruit trees. In the far distance could be heard the cackle of the hen and the grunting of the swine. As I looked more closely, I saw sitting on the porch reading a home magazine the petite figure of Mattie Freeman.

A click, click, brought to my view the small figure of Mary Adams. So Mary had become a successful stenographer. I remembered then her quiet and assured way in managing the Freshman, and knew that these qualities had made for success in the business world.

The next vision that flitted by was that of a hurrying crowd into a state-ly building. When I followed along I saw busily handing out money in return for small slips of paper, our vice-president, Eric Schuman.

The mew of a cat now demanded my attention, and as I followed the call of the Grey Malkin, I found surrounded by pets and examination papers Miss Minerva Allison, a far-famed German teacher in the R. H. S.

Robert Stassen, Scientific Farmer, was the next member of my class to come beneath my enchanted vision. He lived on a large estate where he spent most of his time in walking to and from a nearby farm, where lived a former Sophomore.

Looking into an auditorium I saw Miss Selma Hammer as a lecturer on Horticulture. No wonder that Selma was so interested in Agriculture, and did not mind the long walks, and the spraying and trimming of the fruit trees.

Seeing the portrait of a woman on the wall, I examined it closely, and found beneath the initials E. R. B. Looking farther, I saw many other pic-

tures, all ladies, bearing the same initials. So Earl had become an up-to-date photographer.

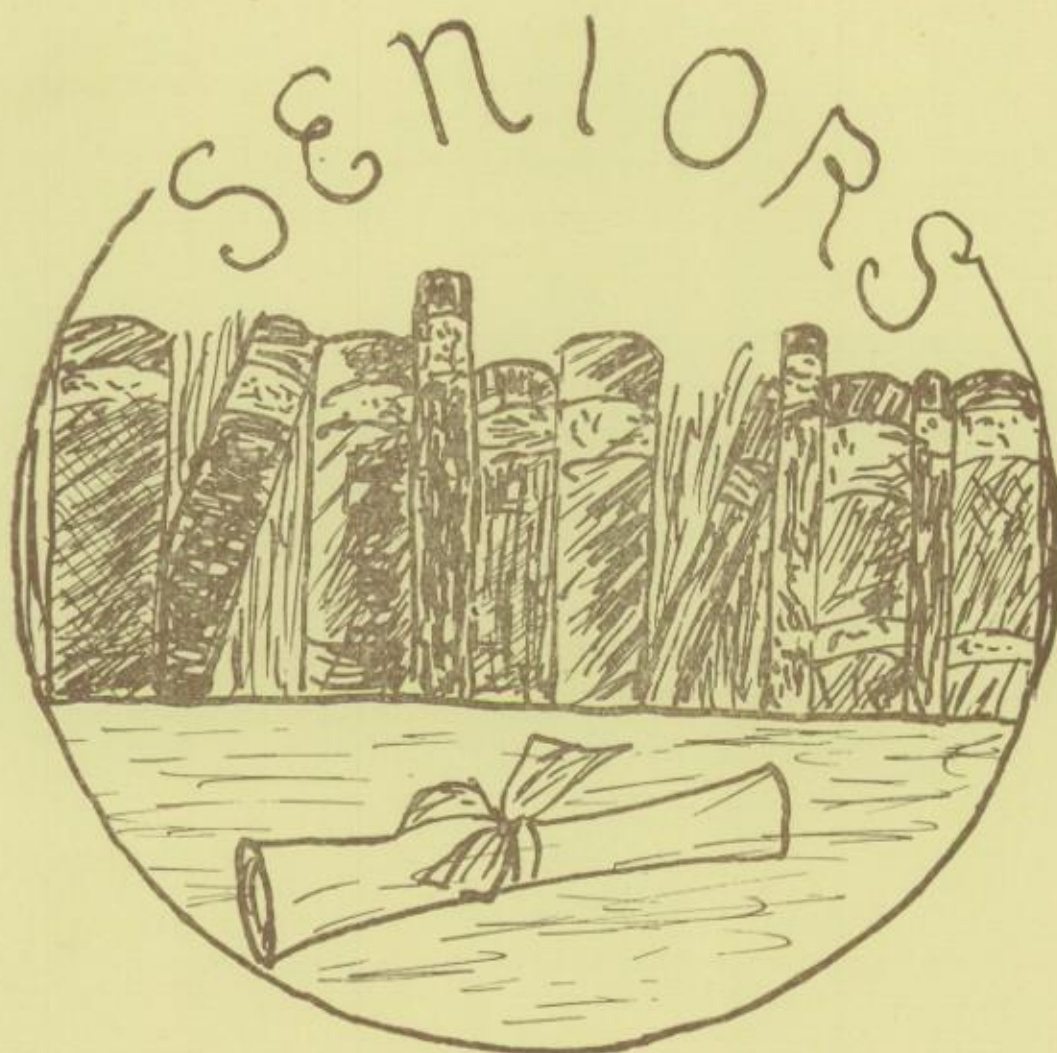
Hearing the voice of a lady say, "Take this oath," I turned, and saw no other than Madge Lenox seated on the justice bench. I found that she was the only woman judge in America. So Madge was having her way, and seeing that others had justice thruout her days.

During my stupor I thot I became sick, and was taken to the hospital, where I was pleasantly surprised to receive tender care from the excellent nurse, Miss Effie Porter. So she was continuing her good work, began in Rolla High—performing kind deeds for all.

As I caught one last whiff from the almost burned out experiment, I became conscious of sweet strains of music floating thru the air, and in my vision saw the queenlike figure of Eva Northern artistically playing the pipe organ in a large city church. So it had become her privilege to gladden many saddened souls with her beautiful music. (Note: This paragraph not written by the undersigned.)

But, alas and alack, both the sweet music and prophetic vision were interrupted by the noise of an opening door, and the stern tones of Professor Bradley asking, "Miss Eva, what was the result of that experiment?"

EVA NORTHERN, '16.



CLASS POEM.



The Seniors once upon a time,
In the history of our school,
Were Freshmen on the upward climb
Neglecting every rule.



Yet they didn't keep it up,
As Seniors they are dandy;
Learn their lessons every day,
As teachers they'll be handy.



They win respect from everyone
Including all the scholars;
So they deserve to have success
And gather in the dollars.



But soon the time will come to part
When they must say goodbye;
And then full many a tear they'll shed
And heave full many a sigh.



Soon now to school they'll say farewell,
The world they'll soon be facing,
And from their lives I hope they will
Their faults soon be erasing.

Mary Adams, '16.

SENIOR CLASS WILL.

Know All Men by These Presents, That we, the Senior Class of the Rolla High School, of 1916, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make, publish, and declare this to be our last will and testimony, hereby revoking and annulling all former Wills by us executed.

First: To Prof. Scott we do hereby will and bequeath a yard stick with which to measure his history lessons.

Second: To Prof. Bradley we do hereby will and bequeath the right to take the incoming Seniors on all necessary and desired trips to examine Live Stock, provided he makes them return in time for their next class.

Third: To Prof. Buck we do hereby will and bequeath the right to bestow upon the incoming Juniors and Seniors, the writing of as many compositions as he gave to us, and may they improve their writing as fast as the Class of '16.

Fourth: To Miss Via, the one teacher who has been "Our Guiding Star" all through school, we give our best wishes and our heartfelt thanks.

Fifth: We hereby will and bequeath to the incoming Senior Class the right to be an example to the lower classmen, and we command them to see that the incoming Freshmen are treated justly.

Sixth: We hereby will and bequeath to the incoming Junior Class, the opportunity of having their own special teacher and class room for English.

Seventh: We hereby will and bequeath to the incoming Sophomores, the right to make the Freshmen know their places.

Eighth: We hereby will and bequeath to the incoming Freshmen the right to sit in the Auditorium with the student body if they will behave properly.

Ninth: I, Minerva Allison, do hereby will and bequeath to Ray Denison the right to ask as many questions in the future as I have asked in the past.

Tenth: I, Mary Adams, do hereby will and bequeath to Paul Chaillie, my knowledge in all branches of science.

Eleventh: I, Harry Zieseniss, do hereby will and bequeath to Francis Rothe my book entitled "How to Grow Tall."

Twelfth: I, Eva Northern, do hereby will and bequeath to Babe Montgomery, the right to listen to all jokes told during class when the instructor's attention is attracted elsewhere.

Thirteenth: I, Helen Baysinger, do hereby will and bequeath to Marian Knapp, my place at the piano.

Fourteenth: I, Selma Hammer, do hereby will and bequeath to Oma McMaster, my book entitled "How to Write Good Compositions."

Fifteenth: I, Eric Schuman, do hereby will and bequeath to Albert Shinneman, my business ability.

Sixteenth: I, Madge Lenox, do hereby will and bequeath to Ella Haas, my love for Rolla.

Seventeenth: I, Robert Stassen, do hereby will and bequeath to Nancy Love, my whole soul interest in farm life.

Eighteenth: I, Earl Baumgardner, do hereby will and bequeath to Homer Kerr, my tonic prescribed for a smooth pompadour.

Nineteenth: I, Effie Porter, do hereby will and bequeath to Mildred East, my art of blushing.

We nominate, constitute, and appoint Professors Bradley, Buck, and Scott Executors, and Miss Via, Executrix, of this our last Will and Testament.

In Testimony Whereof we have hereunto set our hands and affixed our seals this the 19th day of May, 1916.

The Senior Class (SEAL)
Mattie Freeman, '16.



THE SENIOR FEAST.

September 30th we Seniors had designated as a proper time for a feast. This was the first feast of the year 1915-16, and also the last feast to be held in the old R. H. S. Mr. Bradley had told us of an extra hard lesson in Agriculture and on hearing that we decided that we were very hungry and needed a big "feed." We then had a meeting and each one had to furnish some sort of grub. Eric and I were selected to furnish the beverage which of course was Grape Juice, "The National Drink." The time for the "banquet" came. Mary had the two "lab" tables prepared and when Mr. Bradley stepped into the room he nearly fainted, thinking from the looks of things that he was in the dining room of the Waldorf-Astoria instead of the High School laboratory. Well, we sat down to a fine spread and when Mr. Bradley left we decided we would give the Juniors a good appetite. He carried out with him an empty bottle, some bananas and other grub. When the period ended we turned the Juniors loose on the scraps. "Chickens" always like scraps. The Grape Juice, not entirely gone, was just fine; if you don't believe it ask August Delaloye. He sampled it. Well we didn't need any more grub that day and I am sure that Mr. Bradley found us better Agriculture students after that. We all believe and always will that feasts make good students. Well don't we Seniors look that way? I guess so.

Earl Baumgardner, '16.



THE SENIOR PARTY.

February 11 was rather a gloomy day outside, but this did not dampen the spirits of the Seniors. For how could they help but look pleasant when they were to enjoy the hospitality of Professor and Mrs. Bradley that evening. Altho of course the day seemed to pass rather slowly, at last the hour crept around and we were all assembled at the Professor's home, listening

to the fish stories of Professor Scott and himself. Altho we couldn't decide which told the best story, or which had caught the largest fish (and oh yes! we musn't forget that Bob tried to tell one too) Mrs. Bradley became tired of the same stories she had heard so many times before, so put us to work showing our ability in making sentences out of words beginning with the same letter. Well, we started out and went around the circle, each adding a word, and finally we stopped and called it a sentence. We wanted to ask Professor Scott and Miss Via to diagram it, but knowing they would hate to acknowledge their inability to do so, we refrained from asking. Why we had the old Anglo-Saxon poetry beat a mile for alliteration!

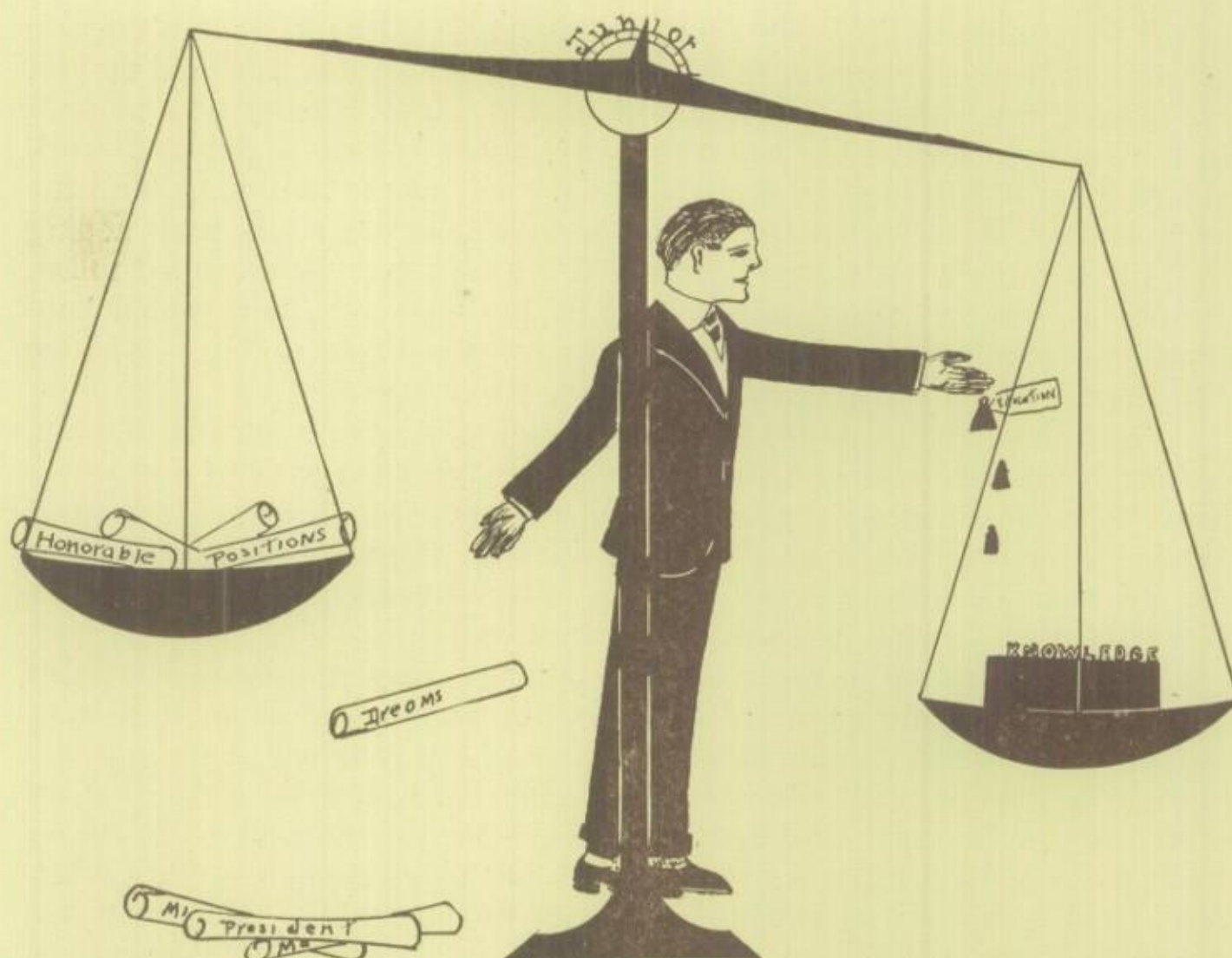
Next Mrs. Bradley called Eric Schuman into another room and told him to keep his ears closed, while she gave each person a word of a proverb. Then when he came into the room, every one shouted their word at the same time. After five hard trials, Eric, by watching Professor Bradley rather closely, recognized the proverb, and was allowed to sit down. Then Harry Zieseniss tried his luck, but was rather unsuccessful.

Then we each got us a partner, and started playing progressive Rook. We thot that we were a progressive class, hut found that some were very unprogressive when it came to playing Rook. But anyhow we certainly were having a fine time, when low and behold Mrs. Bradley thot that we were working too hard, and that we needed some refreshments. So we remained at our tables, but we certainly did quit playing mighty quick when Mrs. Bradley and Miss Irene brot in a lunch fit for a king. My, how we did eat! It was so good that we just could hardly stop. But there is a limit to everything, even to eating. However, just when we thot we could eat no more, Mrs. Bradley brot us in a new start, and of course we found room for that too. We certainly did enjoy our lunch. Mrs. Bradley and Miss Irene will ever have a warm spot in our hearts (or stomachs, should I say?) for this part of the evening.

Luncheon over, we were favored with a few vocal selections by Miss Irene, which were greatly appreciated. After this, again we got out our Rook to see who could make the highest score. Finally this fell to Harry Zieseniss, who was presented a book for his wonderful genius as a Rook player. (It is no wonder that he got the highest score, he was the tallest person there.)

We couldn't realize that it was time to go home, we had been enjoying ourselves so immensely. But the girls thot it was time to depart. Professor Bradley, however, told us to stay, and promised to give us breakfast, but on looking at our time pieces, we found that it was already about breakfast time. So after thanking Professor and Mrs. Bradley for the pleasant evening we had spent with them, we left for home, all of us regretting that this was the last time that we as Seniors in the Rolla High would have the privilege of enjoying their hospitality.

(A Senior.)



JUNIOR CLASS.



FLOWER—Easter Lily.

COLORS—Green and White.

MOTTO:

Qualis non Quantus.

OFFICERS:

HOMER KERR, - - - - - President.

MARIAN KNAPP, - - - - - Vice-President.

RICHARD GALE, - - - - - Secretary and Treasurer.



Top Row—Helen Kilgore, Marguerite Delaloye, Walker Case, Albert Shinneman, August Delaloye, Ella Haas, Richard Gale.
 Middle Row—Minnie Martin, Emma Montgomery, Marian Knapp, Mildred East, Florence Mitchell, Josie Denton, Iva Yelton.
 Bottom Row—Ruth Clayton, Nancy Love, Homer Kerr, Minna Kline, Dalton Horrom, Clementine Maggi.

THE JUNIORS.

The Juniors, the proud successors of the noble (?) Seniors, are ready to take their grave responsibilities as soon as the Seniors are ready to give them up. They hope to give as good an account of themselves as the outgoing Seniors have. They have looked forward to the time when they could call themselves Seniors, and be able to boss the Freshies, and try to boss the Sophs and Juniors. I say "try" to boss the Sophs and Juniors, because those who have been bossed around for more than a year resent the actions of their so-called superiors, and fight for their rights.

As a Freshman the goal seems very far off, some get discouraged, quit, and go out into the broad and unsympathetic world unprepared to meet and overthrow the obstacles in their path of life.

Next come the Sophomores, who are a little more confident. They have battled thru the first year, and are pretty well started on the road to success. They are not so wild and unruly as they were the first year.

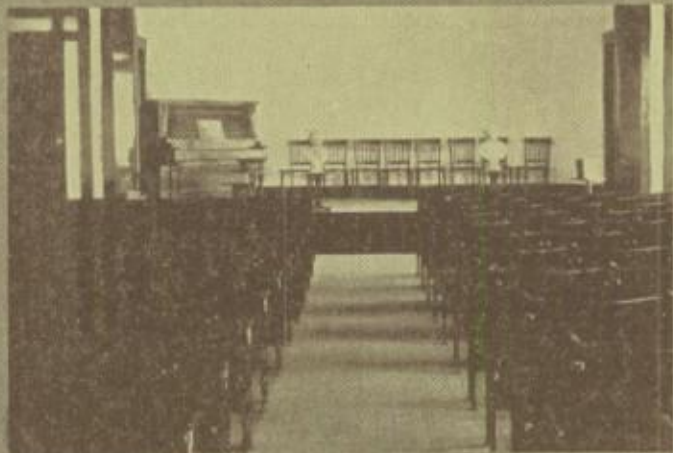
But when they become Juniors they get the big head, and well they might, for just think what they have to look forward to. Next year they can have secret meetings, look wise, and star gaze. Some of them are likely to get drowned before they reach their Senior year, trying to imitate the Seniors. Still others, I am afraid, will never have the proper dignity.

One failing of the Junior Class, that I am proud to be a member of, is that we can never have a meeting and make any headway. Some are throwing paper wads at each other, and causing a general mixup, others are talking about the dates they are going to have for the next week, what they are going to wear, or how well they like or dislike this or that fellow, while the president and a few members are trying to make some kind of headway. We may have a few more squabbles, but they are not worthy of mention. We are no worse than the rest, for no class can be perfect. Taking it all in all, the Junior Class of '17 is hard to beat. We are waiting patiently, or impatiently I should say, for the time when we shall be able to call ourselves Seniors.

A Junior.



Locker Room



Auditorium, from front



Auditorium from back



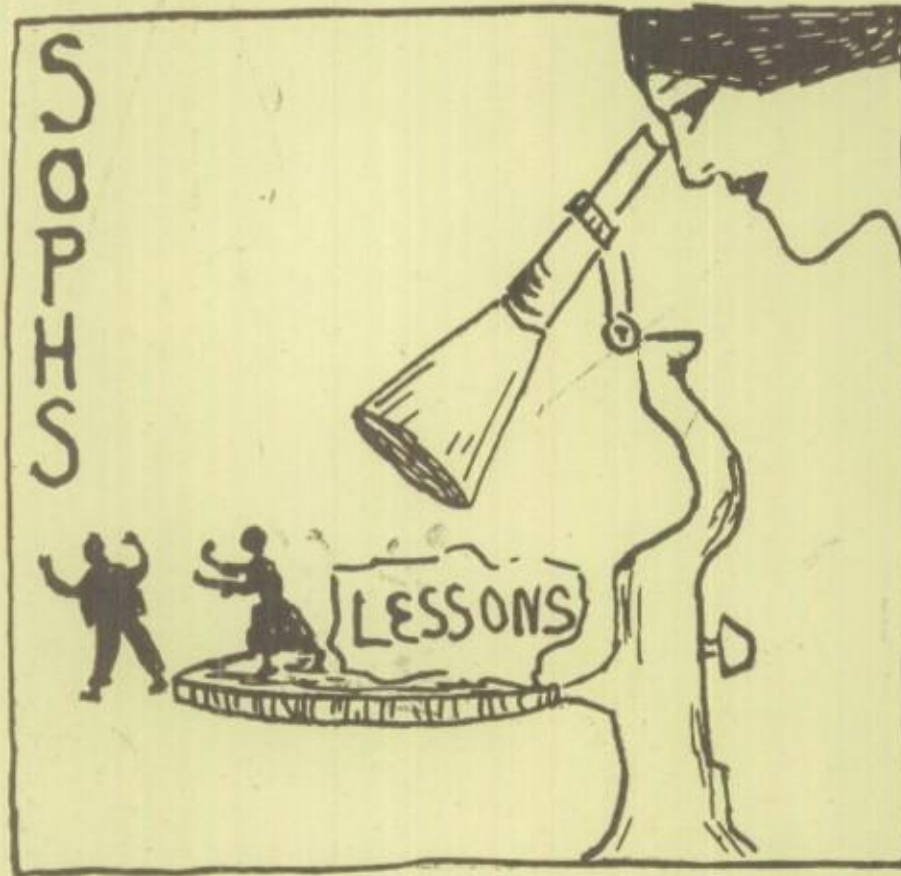
Main Entrance

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Top Row—Minnie Fulford, George Strobach, Grace Wyant, Albert Long, Birdie Greensweight.
 Second Row—Hazel Dent, Hazel Jones, Ama Brown, Julia King, Mae McDermott.
 Third Row—Ruth Schuman, Mabel Jones, Catherine Culbertson, Evelyn McGregor, Fay Dent, Charles Smith, Mary Lynch,
 Ethelyn Ivie.
 Bottom Row—Elsie Crumm, Celia Fox, Helen Wiese, Robert Stebbins, Leoma Line, Bessie Sturgeon, Francis Rothe.

A Soph's Opinion of What He Himself Was Last Year.

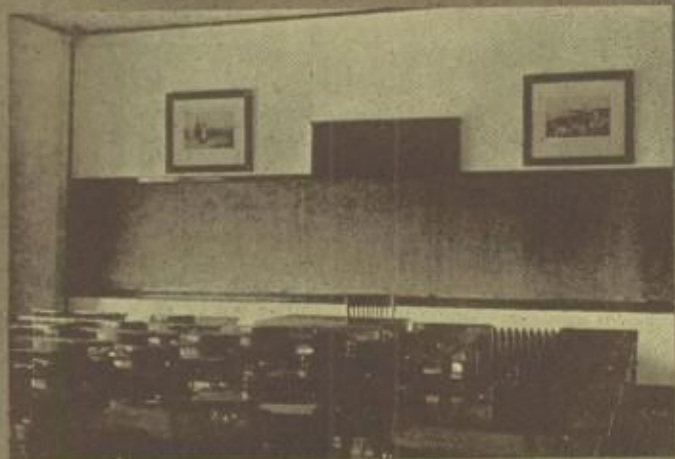


The verdant Freshies are these high-toned, conceited rascals that run around town and tell everybody how little they know. If you wish to locate one, just wait until you meet an overgrown baby who is green around his eyes, and then you have your Freshie. In fact, the eyes of all Freshmen are of a greenish hue, but all the same they still persist in saying that they are grey. Gentle reader, let me give you a little advice: When you meet

one of these impudent rogues, be sure that you take care not to let him bite you, as their mouths are always agap.

These little rogues all believe in tormenting dumb animals. This I will explain better by giving an illustration. One day, a few weeks ago, as I was walking down Eighth Street, my attention was drawn to the proceedings of one of these indolent Freshies. He was trying to make a cat fight a dog, but it was impossible. Seeing that all was of no avail, he picked up the poor innocent cat and deliberately threw it at the dog. The cat now being half scared to death, looked for a place of safety. Evidently there was hardly any place to go, for the cat made a quick jump and landed on the head of the Freshman. It was now the Freshman's time to get scared, and he surely must have been scared; for he gave one unearthly yell for his Ma, and then went at top speed down the street. I don't believe that he has tried any cat and dog stunts since.

The Freshman girls are not so bad, but as a rule they are very much inclined to be stuck up. They parade up and down the corridors of the building in order to show us the latest styles. But one thing we must acknowledge is, that they are pretty good-looking. This may be a slam for the upper classmen, but we all believe in the saying, "Beauty and brains don't go together," and we are also quite aware of the fact that "beauty is only skin deep." We upper classmen realize that the Freshies are only beginners, and therefore we overlook the fact that they are so green. But they are learning reasonably fast, and their curls are fast disappearing. We also realize the fact that they have just passed out of the ordeals of childhood. Now all that the Freshmen will have to do is to learn a few more things, and then they may be promoted to the honorable Sophomore Class.



Class Room



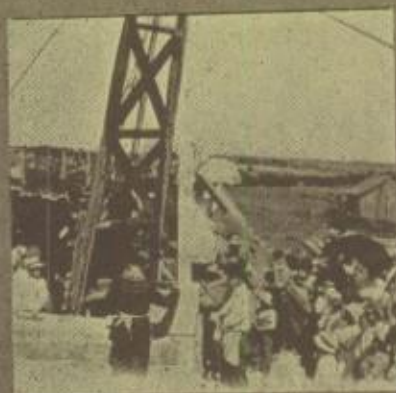
*Ceremonie at
Laying of Corner
Stone*



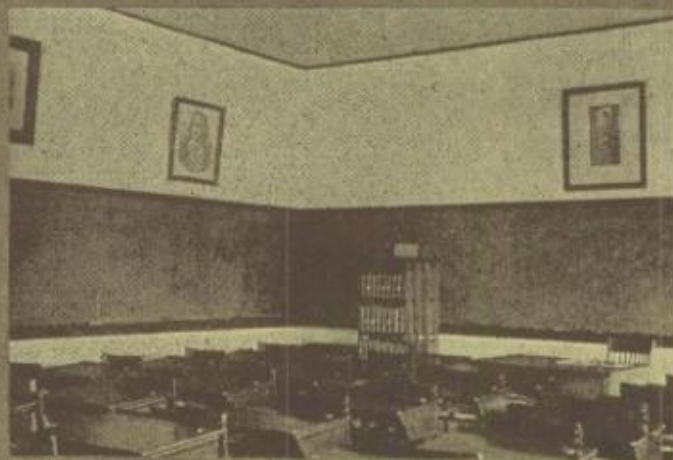
Hall, main floor



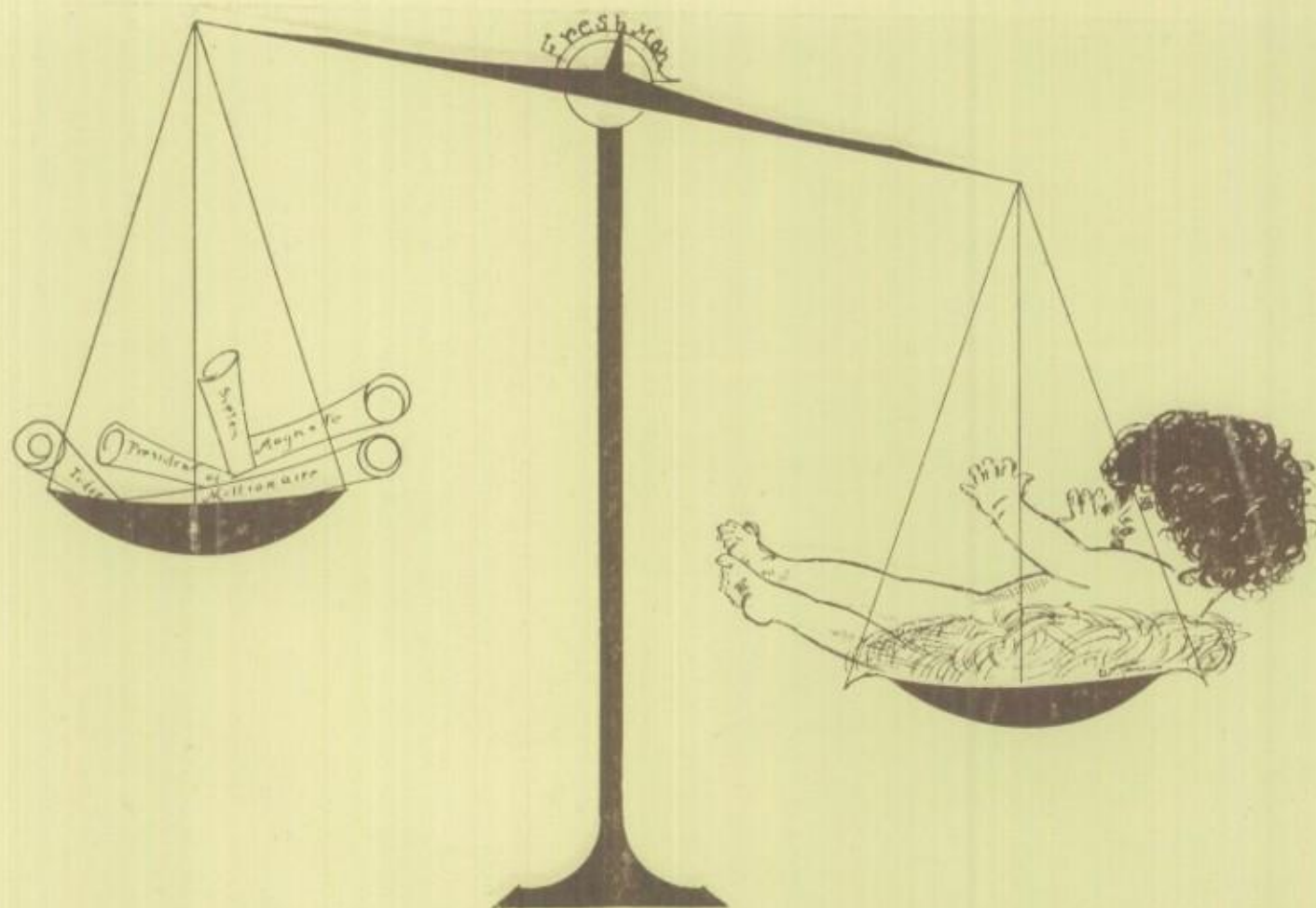
Laboratory



*Laying the Corner
Stone*



Class Room



FRESHMAN CLASS.



Flower—Crimson Carnation.

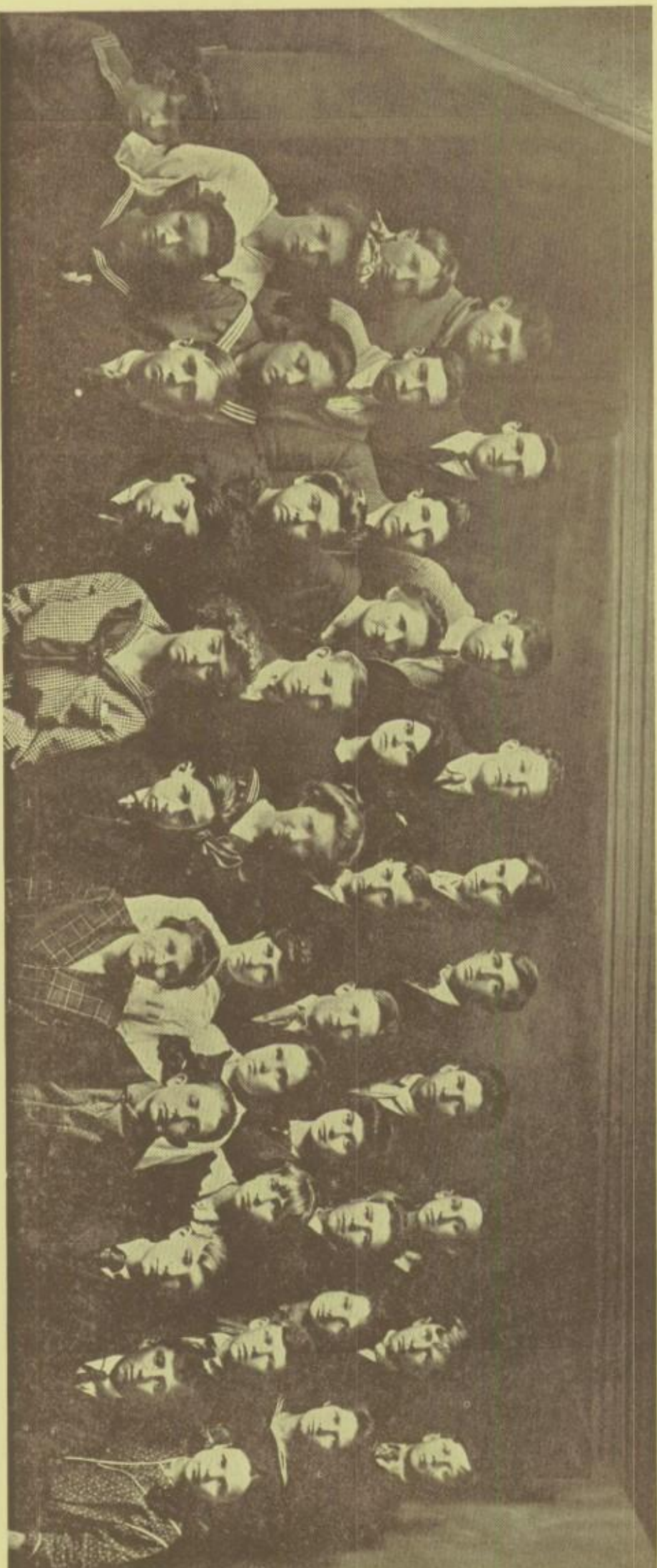
Colors—Crimson and Gold.

MOTTO:

Non verba sed facta.
Not words, but deeds.

OFFICERS:

ROWLAND TRAGITT,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	President.
EDITH GRAHAM.	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Vice-President.
LUCILLE WILSON,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	Secretary and Treasurer.



Top Row—Shelva Fortner, Harry Huskey, Raymond Baker, Lambert Campbell, Alfred Gollahon, Joe Light, Thomas Fleming, Elbert Clements, Charles Hunter, Jess McCown.
 Second Row—Wilber Elliot, George Nahn, Harry Martin, Mary Duniwin, Pauline Watson, William Sease, William Feters, Lucille Wilson, Samuel Stuart, Wanda Chapin, Madeline Wyant.
 Third Row—Wilma Brown, Edith Graham, Rowena Corey, Floyd Stafford, Maxine Smith, Sarah Lanning, Louise Tankersley, Mildred Followill, Perley Ray, Ellen Day.
 Bottom Row—Grace Gale, Irene Heimberger, Raymond Jackson, Armin Jewell, Ruth Appley, Rowland Tragitt, Alberta Northern, Wallace Smith, Rowe Hutchison, Millard Heimberger.

THE FRESHMAN CLASS.



Hail ye the pink-eared Freshmen, 46 strong. Yes, we admit that we may be pink-eared, but at the same time, we also claim to have the best all-round class that has entered the Rolla High School for many years. On September 6th, upon our entrance into our new school, we were a sorry looking outfit, the majority of us being frightened (?) by the noise made by the unaccustomed welcome of the upper classmen, but it took us only a short while to get down to business. The would-be better upper classmen—

namely the Sophs—immediately took it upon themselves to cut down our “freshness,” but with little success.

The class of '19 contains four special types of students that benefit any school. These are: first, good musicians; second, excellent scholars; third, fine athletes; and last, but not least, a number of very pretty girls. These four points have already been emphasized this year in a number of ways. Our musicians have helped wonderfully in our Wednesday Morning programs; our good scholars have proved their worth every school day; our athletes have helped make our basketball teams, both boys and girls, strong; and our beautiful girls—well you know their looks do not change, and just their looks have inspired us to study in order to pass so that we may stay in the same class with them.

Our class has one other thing that may either make or break a class. That is loyalty, or class spirit. Because of the fact that our class is much larger than any of the others, one would naturally think that the members of it would not pull together; but if any one thinks their class has more spirit than the class of '19 they'll have to show us.

So you see we have good reasons to say that we, class '19 of R. H. S., have the best all-round class that has entered for some time or will enter this school for a number of years.

“Billy,” '19.



CASE IN BRADLEY COURT.

VERDICT OF ACQUITTAL,

Notes of the Action.

The docket of Bradley Court, still in session, contained data for a case which promised from the first to be of unusual interest. The corridors of the court were crowded to capacity, when Judge Buck directed Earl Baumgardner to open court. Earl is an artist as court crier. It has often been remarked that he opens his mouth fully as wide as he opens the court, and a great deal oftener. The court crier's language was as follows: "Fee, fi, fo, fum, the notorious court of Bradley is now open. The counselman for the state will open the persecution; the jury will open their ears, and the Sargeant of the Big Arms will open the windows so that all the air within this court room will not be hot air".

As court crier Baumgardner sat down, it was noticed that all the people present opened their eyes, and some one in the section of seats called "Junior Pow" murmured, "Yes, and the prisoner at the beer-less bar will also open his pocket book mighty wide, before he gets out of this trouble."

This muttering was audible even to the Judge who is said to have attacks of very severe deafness when listening to the excuses of certain queer and lawless fellows known as Freshmen. Profound quiet reigned (in fact it may be said that quiet rained, judging from the dampened appearance of the disturbers) as the Judge arose and said in emphatic tone: "The Sargeant of the Big Arms will at once arrest the attention of the fellows with the Ford tongues. If there is any furthur tongue rattling for the next two minutes, I shall sentence the cheap chap who dares to dispense with his tongue muffler, to be tongue-tied every Sunday night for a month." A young fellow named Dalton Horrom has since been observed to place his hand over his chief facial organ every time he has met the Judge. The Judge was so indignant at the time, that he was observed to have made many very nervous gestures with his right hand, a thing which he does not usually do more than a thousand times a day.

The disturbance was thus subdued. But the dew of quiet soon melted. The persecuting counselman read a long statement to Judge Buck, explaining that Francis Rothe had, with much malice and meditation, attacked Joe Light at the dead hour of noon, with certain germs and microbes. The attorney for the persecution went on to say that the helpless victim of the outrage is of French descent. The learned criminal liar charged that the prisoner at the bar said, "There now, take that handful of germs." Thereupon the victim fell down in a "state of coma". The fluid orator said that Mr. Light, being of French descent, collapses every time he hears the word "germ" or anything else that sounds like "German".

On the thirteenth day of the trial, the witnesses were called:—

Miss Eva Northern was one of the chief witnesses for the persecution. The counselman for the prisoner asked her if she saw the victim, Mr. Light,

when he fell in a state of Coma. Miss Northern answered very emphatically that she did. Then the lawyer reached a map of the world to Miss Northern and asked her if she would please find the state of "Coma" on the map.

But the north-star-witness for the persecution was Ray Denison the physician. One of the learned counselmen asked him if Francis Rothe really committed this dark brown deed with meditation. Dr. Denison said there was every reason to believe that such was the case. Then the attorney for the prisoner asked Dr. Denison to define "meditation." The witness explained the meaning of the term by relating an experience. He said he went over to Scott's Drug Store and asked for Homer Kerr. Somebody said, "Don't bother Homer just now, for he's meditating." Dr. Denison said he went back to the desk where Mr. Kerr had been at work and found several scraps of paper, and written on each one were these words, "My dear little girl, be sure and ask your papa if I can't stay until ten thirty after this, seeing that we're getting pretty regular." The witness said that was his idea of meditating.

The counselman for the prisoner has a very large reputation. His name is August Delaloye. Reputation and all, he weighs nearly two hundred pounds. When Ben Elliott was on the stand the notorious Mr. Delaloye asked some question that wasn't answered to please him. The counselman for the prisoner said: "Mr. Elliott, will you kindly tell me what the empty statement you have just made has to do with this case?" Mr. Elliott must have been thinking of St. Louis, for he stammered a moment and then said: "Case—case—case of what?"

There were several tears shed when the eloquent counselman for the persecution made his closing remarks. Said he: "Yonder lies the victim of this outrage upon disorder. Men of the jury, humanity demands a verdict of guilty. It is almost criminal to keep the victim, this bright Light, in such an atmosphere of anxiety suspended."

Harry Martin, the Sargeant of the Big Arms, leaned over and whispered to the reporter for "Rolla-Hi," that if Joe Light had been suspended like the lawyer said all during this case, then he must have better suspenders than the Sargeant of the Big Arms wore.

The notorious attorney for the prisoner at the bar pounded the desk so much that it will probably never again be strong enough to hold Robert Stebbins up when he acts as chairman of Sophomore meetings.

Finally the arguments, such as they were, were all in, and so was the Judge. The judge told the jury to retire, and told the Sargeant of the Big Arms to take them into the hall called "The English Room." Harry Martin told the Judge there were no beds in that room, but the Judge said, "Oh, very well; if juryman Lucky Case can sleep in that room every day, he and the other jurors ought to get along in there for a few hours tonight."

Most of the spectators went home, but the jury decided not to retire, and so they came out and said they had found the prisoner "not guilty." They didn't say how or when they found it out; they weren't allowed to read anything but a book on plane geometry, and they weren't allowed to talk to anybody, and they certainly couldn't tell anything about the case by listening to the witnesses and lawyers.

When they told the prisoner the verdict they must have broken the news all over him, for he whispered, "Tell Lucille," and then he turned brunette, and has been so ever since. The case was very thrilling.



COUNTRY FOLKS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Josiah Dean, a farmer.....	Ray Denison.
Martha Dean, his wife.....	Mattie Freeman.
Nat Dean, their son.....	Eric Schuman.
Polly Dean, their daughter.....	Ruth Keeling.
Lorna Lane, a seamstress.....	Clementine Maggi.
Ozias Schuyler, postmaster.....	George Rhoades.
Prudence Schuyler, his daughter.....	Hazel Chapin.
Peter Patch, chore boy.....	Dalton Horrom.
Horatio Finch, a country lawyer.....	Earl Baumgardner.
Alvina Berry, a widow.....	Dixie Harris.
Jack Diemer, a country barber.....	Albert Shinneman.

Few entertainments have created more mirth and elicited greater applause than the play, "Country Folks," put on by the students of the Rolla High School at Parker Hall last Tuesday evening (April 20, 1915.)

A large audience was present to greet the players, and until the curtain was raised the High School Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Buck, rendered several selections that were most creditable, and highly appreciated.

From the raising of the curtain to the very end of the third act, every player won highest praise and deserved applause.

Ray Denison and Miss Mattie Freeman as Mr. and Mrs. Dean were par excellent. Eric Schuman as the son, and Miss Clementine Maggi as Lorna Lane, a seamstress, interpreted the characters they represented in splendid style. Miss Ruth Keeling and Dalton Horrom captivated the audience in their humorous presentation of the characters of Polly Dean and Peter Patch, the chore boy. Miss Dixie Harris was splendid as Alvina Berry, the widow, and Earl Baumgardner filled the part of Horatio Finch, the country lawyer, in altruistic style. George Rhoades fully acted the part of Ozias Schuyler, the postmaster, and Miss Hazel Chapin won highest praise as Prudence Schuyler, the postmaster's daughter. Last, but by no means

least, the character of Jake Diemer, a country barber, was completely and most effectively presented by Albert Shineman.

Between acts August Delaloye delighted the audience with a guitar solo. A reading, "How Can I Forget," by Ray Denison, was excellent, and a violin and saxophone duet by Miss Marian Knapp and Walter Scott, with Miss Helen Baysinger as accompanist on the piano, was unusually good, and received merited applause.

Before the last act Supt. Bradley appeared, and in a most pleasing talk thanked the audience for their patronage and attention. (From article in Rolla Herald.)



A SOPH'S DREAM.

Last evening I was talking
With a Sophomore young and gay,
Who told me of a dream he had
That happened just this way—

While half-napping in his study
The vision came to view;
He saw an angel enter, dressed
In garments white and new.

Said the spirit, "I'm from heaven;
The Lord just sent me down
To bring you up to glory;
Put on your golden crown."

"We need you up in heaven,
For you've labored long and hard
Until your brow is hoary—
You've earned a great reward."

Then the Sophomore and the spirit
Started toward the glory gate;
But when passing close to Hades
The angel murmured, "Wait—

The Sophomore saw before him
Juniors, Seniors by the score;
An easy chair and fan he grabbed,
And asked for nothing more.

He sat and sat and watched them,
Saw each sizzle, scorch in turn;
But the green and sickly Freshman
Would neither smoke nor burn.

Said the angel: "Come up higher
And the pearly gates we'll see."
But the Sophomore only answered—
"This is heaven enough for me."

Evelyn McGregor, '18.

LUNCH ROOM FOLLIES.

The lunch room in the New High is a scene of extraordinary life. One of the first sights that meets the eye on entering the room is a member of our esteemed corps, the faculty, who, seated on the only throne the room affords, a folding camp chair, is engaged in eagerly devouring such morsels of food as he or she saw fit to bring in the morning; while scattered over the room in their various groups and cliques, are the students, who also are eating their lunches.

Lunches finished, the majority of the students surround the two tables which are situated in opposite corners of the room. At one table a game of dominoes is being played by the girls, while at the larger a game of checkers is in progress, besides a quartet engaged in playing the exciting game of "Rook," each member surrounded by his half dozen advisors and counselors each of whom thoroly understands the science of Rook playing. Here and there is to be seen a student sitting by himself in a lonely corner striving to prepare for the ordeals of the afternoon.

Many strange and unaccountable things happen, of which mysterious appearances and disappearances figure conspicuously, as they leave no clue save a few drops of mud on the window sill. If you do not believe this, ask Lambert Campbell.

The Freshmen have it much their own way at noon, for with the exception of six or seven, all there are members of that class; but it isn't always so pleasant for certain members of the class, especially when Miss Via holds the keys and sceptre.

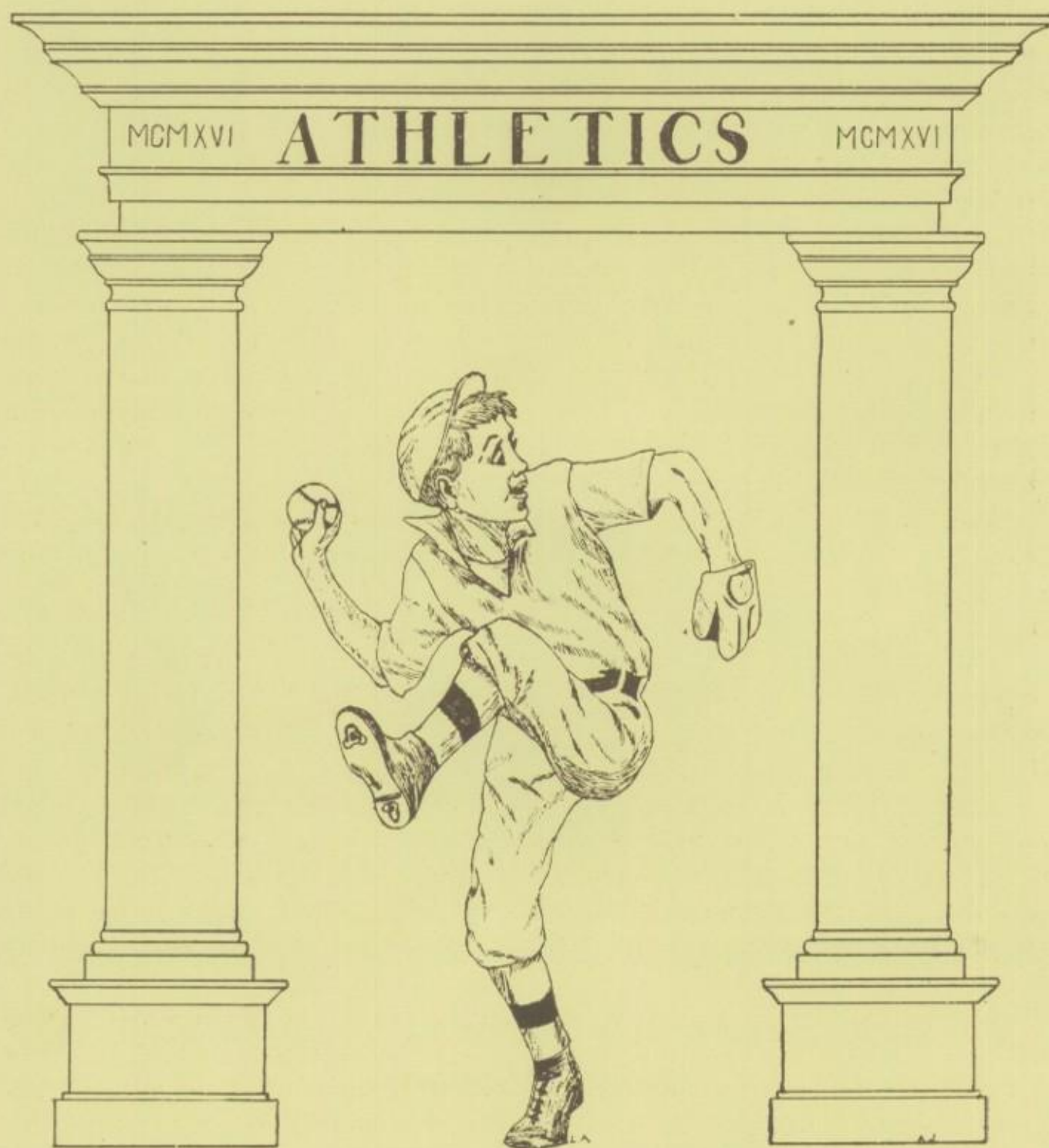
About 12:30 P. M. a pitiful sight greets the eye as one glances toward the window, each of which serves as a frame for a half to a dozen faces, the expression upon which is so mournful and beseeching that it gives one a peculiar feeling in the abdominal regions. How they long to be in the comfortable and handsomely finished lunch room, seated at a table enjoying the games as we are.

At precisely 12:45 P. M. it is best for your personal safety to hunt a corner, as the minute the door opens an inrush of enraged humanity sweeps all before it, until they are all safely corraled in their respective class rooms, or in the renowned room for those whose chief occupation is agriculture—the laboratory.

Minnie Martin, '17.

Dan MacDonald, '18.

Lucille Wilson, '19.





The Girls' Basket Ball Games at the S. C. M. T. A. Rolla, Missouri.

Quite a number of the girls are usually inspired to go to basketball practice by the anticipation of the Thanksgiving games. These are games in which all the students of the high schools in south central Missouri may participate. Having won the championship last year would seem to be an inspiration to the Rolla girls, but it didn't. The captain found it quite a task to get enough for a good practice to come.

Thanksgiving took us unawares, but we determined to try our level best to win those games, altho when the time came we received anything but a

square deal. The day before the games were to be played we were told that Iberia, Steelville, and Rolla were the three teams to play—but we weren't told until the day of the game that we were to be the "goats."

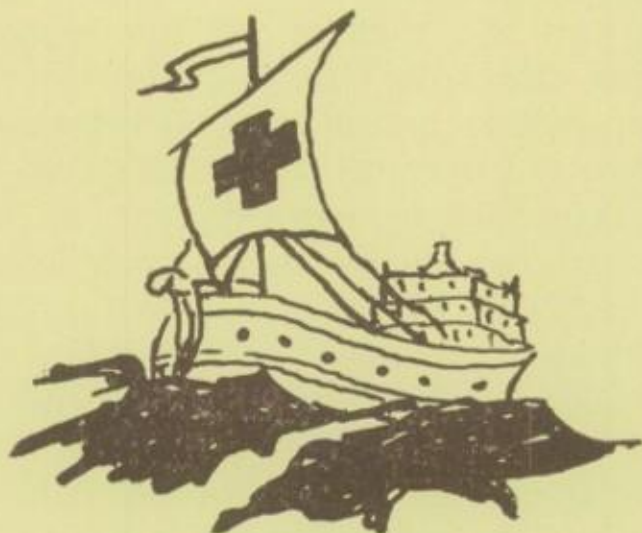
When we went to the hall we found that the committee was just as determined to take the championship away from us as we were to keep it, and since the committee was the "Power that be," we lost what each of us wanted so much. I shall give you the privilege of deciding for yourself whether or not I am right in my statements: last year Rolla won the championship. This year instead of allowing us to defend our title, here is the way we were treated: We were to play Iberia and the winning team was to play Steelville. Every girl on the Rolla team was furious and would have been easily persuaded to make a fuss but Miss Via is so sweet and amicable that she soon had us reconciled to the circumstances. We went into the first game with all our hearts and won it easily from Iberia in spite of all of the rooting being for Iberia. Since we were in very poor condition, by the end of the first game we were "all in."

Remarkable, to say the least, the committee gave us a rest for twenty minutes! The whistle blew and we were ready. It was a hard game—not a walk away by any means. Any body who HAPPENED to be from Steelville thot that was ample reason why he should have a say in any dispute that might arise; so there were no few arguments. At the end of the first half, it looked about 50-50, but as we Rolla girls were no steam engines, we couldn't easily out-play two teams, one immediately following the other. The time keeper seemed to be nervous or something and as a consequence called "time" several seconds soon but he was afraid to give us too much time to make up those few points.

The game ended in Steelville's favor, the score being 18-15. We have one consolation, it was the second game the Rolla girls have lost in the past four years.

Those who may not be able to see the contest next year will at least be there in spirit, and will hope for the Rolla girls' recovery of what rightfully belongs to them.

One Who Was There.





BOYS BASKET BALL TEAM.

Top Row—"Billy" Fетters, Ralph Maher (Coach), Dalton Horrom.
 Bottom Row—Homer Kerr, Raymond Baker, Harry Zieseniss (Captain),
 Robert Stassen, Walker Case.

Boys' Basket Ball Game on November 27.

The athletic meet of the South Central Teachers' Association was looked forward to with great hopes by the boys of our high school, because it was there that we were going to show our ability as Basket Ball players.

The team line-up, until the meeting of the association, was: Walter Scott and Winfred King, forwards; Harry Zieseniss, center; Homer Kerr and Robert Stassen, guards; Raymond Baker and Dalton Horrom, substitutes. But we found out the evening before the game that Scotty would not be permitted to play because he was a student at the M. S. M. This handicapped us very much because we had no other forward, but we were by no means discouraged. We changed our lineup and Bob played forward in Scotty's place and Bake played guard in Bob's place.

The games were called at 1:45 P. M., and it was our misfortune to draw Steelville, and we had to play first.

The Steelville boys all outweighed us, but that did not in the least dishearten us. We went into the game with our minds made up to win if we

possibly could. Mr. Nichols was appointed referee, and he refereed a square game.

When the ball went up in center the first time, Steelville's center hit it but "Bake" was right there to take it and passed it back to Harry and thus the game started. Steelville got the first basket, but we ran them a close second on the next one. The third round Winfred shot at the goal and the ball was just about to pass thru the basket when one of the Steelville girls reached over the rail of the race track and hit it so it would not pass thru. We thot that we ought to have two free throws but Mr. Nichols did not think so, so we did not argue the matter.

Steelville made quite a few fouls and Winfred did some fine work from the foul line. Of course we fellows made some fouls, but very few.

Just before the end of the first half Winfred received a pass and was just going to shoot when his guard ran against him and he fell, but just as if he were on his feet he shot and made a clean basket. Everyone cheered to see him shoot when he was down.

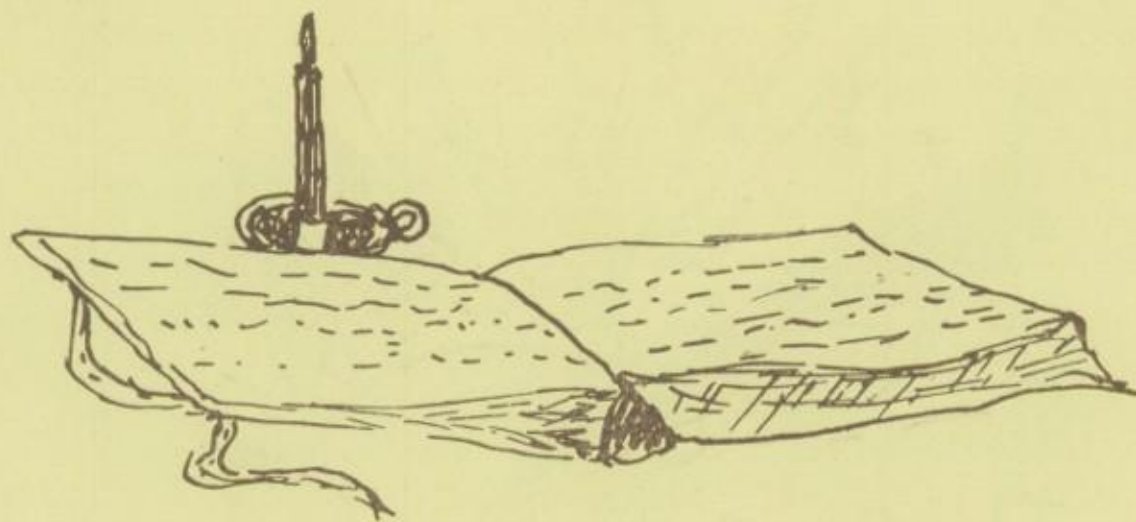
In the last half we went on the court to fight an uphill game, for the score was 10-7 in Steelville's favor. We boys all went in to play our best, and it looked as tho we might win the way we started out. But Steelville's size soon showed and they gradually got the best of us.

Just before the end of the last half Bob got hurt and Billy Fetters took his place and startled the people, as he was so small, but very fast.

Altho we did not win, we did our best. We had to play against larger fellows, and some of our boys had not played a match game before. "Bake" and Kerr did some fine guarding, and Harry played fine too. Bob made no baskets, but did some fine dribbling.

The game ended in Steelville's favor, the score being 28-16, but we boys played a clean, fast game, and are not to be blamed for getting defeated, when we did our utmost to win.

Robert Stassen, '16.





THE R. H. S. ORCHESTRA.

Rolla High may not be best in all things, but when it comes to musical talent, we are second to none. As a proof of this, we have our High School Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. W. R. Roach, whose valuable service is certainly much appreciated. Of course, the main object, when the orchestra was organized, was to afford a pleasant pastime for those interested, but the entire student body certainly has appreciated the various selections that have been rendered at the Wednesday morning programmes.

So here is to the future of the R. H. S. Orchestra, and may it continue to grow, long after the present members have passed beyond the days of high school life.



FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE PARTY.

SOPH'S VERSION.

"I have an invitation to extend to the Freshman and Sophomore classes," announced Prof. Bradley, as he entered our class room one bright September morning. "By telephone Mrs. McGregor has informed me that she will have a party this afternoon immediately after school at her home in honor of the Freshmen."

We Sophomores, with an innocent look of surprise and joy, looked at Evelyn, who, as well, feigned an innocent look. The fact was, in a meeting of the Sophomores the preceding afternoon all this had been planned in detail.

So that afternoon, as had been previously arranged, the Sophomores were there promptly to receive their guests. At last a huddled bunch of frightened Freshies made their appearance. We proceeded to entertain them with some harmless games. They soon conceived our intentions when we ordered them to be seated, and we read the following rules to them:

"Boys must wear their hair parted in the middle, and not in a pompadour."

"Boys must remove their hats in the presence of the honorable Sophomores."

"Boys must not go 'fussing'."

"Girls must wear hair ribbons."

"Girls must keep their finger nails clipped, and, for fear that they will hurt themselves, we will trim them."

As prescribed by the rules we now entered upon our task of clipping finger nails and applying glue to their eye-brows. The verdant Freshies did not seem much in favor of this, but, using our superior strength, we finally had them in a civilized condition, and administered dainty refreshments of animal cookies, red hots, and lemonade, to heal their wounded feelings. As souvenirs, gaudily dressed clothes-pin dolls were given, much to the appreciation of the Freshies. With their wounded feelings partially healed, they took their departure.

The next day we were greatly surprised when Prof. Buck gave a lecture, the result of a tell-tale Freshie, for our benefit. It grieved us very much to think, as stated in the lecture, that we had "jeopardized" the life of any Freshman, however, we have not heard of any funerals yet.

But we hope that the old saying, "Time heals all wounds," has proven true in this case, and that by now the delicate Freshies have regained their health and spirits.

"Forgiveness to the injured does belong;

But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong."

Ruth Schuman and Catherine Culbertson, '18.

FRESHMAN VERSION.

Although not the most pleasant thing for us, our class has the distinction of being first in one thing: that is, the first class in Rolla High School to be hazed. (But this is not the only thing we are first in.)

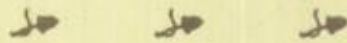
The Sophomores requested Professor Bradley to invite us to a party. A PARTY???? Yes. A party??** At which we were to be the honored guests. This party was to be given at the home of Evelyn McGregor on the afternoon of September 18, 1915.

The said affair was not well attended for the simple reason that it was a Party, and as you know "Freshies" do not care much for such high things. Out of the forty-five Freshmen only fifteen were present. Oh, of course, all the Sophomores except one or two were there.

But all at once something terrible happened. All the Freshmen girls had their precious finger nails cut. But this did not satisfy them; they got some glue and put it on our eyebrows and this made our faces draw up. But in doing this the Sophomore girls had to get the help of the boys, because they could not hold us. (Bright trick)? Then rules were laid down for our strict observance, but which—never—were—observed.

Then to show what more they thought of us, they gave us clothespin dolls with which we decorated a tree. And do you know that after we left they took these dolls down and played with them. On the whole it was a very, very, poor attempt at hazing.

Maxine Smith, '19.



THE HISTORY OF ROLLA.

One of the most interesting things we can imagine is to hear the history of some town or building we are interested in and have been closely associated with for many years. The history of the High School has already been given and so I will try to give the history of Rolla.

Rolla seems to have been a vein of contention for several years at the beginning. Even the naming of her provoked a dispute.

John Webber was the first "squatter" to erect a building here, which served as his home until after the war. In 1855, the railway contractors, J. Stecer & Co., built their office near Webber's, which was later the home of E. W. Bishop, who was the resident partner.

When the railway business was suspended. Bishop, who had chosen the site of Rolla in 1856, turned his attention to entering land. But the Pacific Railway and E. W. Jones also entered land, and so then the fight for the county seat began. It was a hard fight, but after a time the point was satisfactorily settled and the site chosen in 1858.

The next thing to be disputed was the name. John Webber wanted to name it Hardscrabble, Bishop wanted it to be named Phelps Center, and a third person, Mr. Coppedge, wanted it to be called Raleigh, after Raleigh, North Carolina. Mr. Bishop, after a while, consented to take the last name

on the condition that it be spelled Rolla.

Next came a lot sale, which was in about 1859, and after that buildings sprang up with great rapidity. The court house was erected in 1860-61. Business grew rapidly—lumber yards, meat markets, boarding houses, dry goods stores, grocery stores, and many other business lines were started, and all flourished. A newspaper called "The Express" was established, also. In about six months Rolla grew from a minus quantity to seventy-five houses and about six hundred people. On the first day of 1861 "The Express" said: "Last Monday evening, about 5:30 o'clock, the citizens of Rolla were greeted by the arrival of the first passenger train at the snug little depot, which has within a short time been erected at this place." It also said that Rolla was the terminus of a branch of the Pacific Railroad and that it was the trade center of a part of the adjoining states and even Northern Texas.

All this goes to show that Rolla had grown to be quite a thriving little town, and this was one reason that, when the war began, it was the first point taken by the Federal army. Troops were brought here to be wintered and many temporary buildings were hurriedly made to meet the demands of the soldiers. Two forts were made and all the buildings strongly fortified. Fort Wyman is still to be seen, although it is now nothing but a ruin. Transient merchants started building on the streets running towards the depot, and in this way destroyed the trade of the original business section, or, as it was called, "Old Rolla Town."

But at the close of the war the troops went away and business was revived in "Old Rolla" and soon recovered its balance. But just then, the Salem & Little Rock Railroad was established and that drew a great deal of the trade to Salem. Also along at the same time, was the second burning out of East Eighth Street.

However, after the fire much better buildings were erected and it proved to be beneficial to Rolla, after all. Since 1880 Rolla's growth has not been retarded by any great misfortune.

Rolla was incorporated as a town in 1860, but later, on January 25th, 1865, it was incorporated as a city. She was in excellent financial condition. After this, numerous lodges were established, and lodge buildings were erected. In 1871 Rolla was chosen for the site of the Missouri School of Mines, which of course was a very great help to the town. Several newspapers were started, some of which failed and others were successful.

This completes what might be called the earlier history of Rolla. We people who know Rolla as it is today, can see how great have been the changes for the better; we now have electric lights and a waterwork system; the School of Mines has become one of the greatest mining schools in the country; we have a large postoffice built by the Federal government and a new High School built by the town. In fact Rolla now has all the earmarks of a city.

Hazel Dent, '18.

DISADVANTAGES OF THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL.

Although at last in our long expected New High School building, we see, by comparison, the many advantages the old school afforded us, while we condemned it as a worthless and dilapidated old structure. We can no longer loiter about the front steps waiting for the "first" bell to ring, as there are no front steps on which to loiter, and no bell to ring. No more can we have the fun and enjoyment of hoisting up to the lab., by means of baskets and ropes, our smuggled "eats" for the feasts. For now we have real lunch rooms; but they are on the first floor, and large "transparent" windows would make a feast a very public affair, and not being able to "spring" the joke on the teacher would give a very uninterested air to the whole thing. How nice it was, and convenient, too, for that matter, to be able to "slip" down stairs and past the old boarded up door without being detected! All those "conveniences" are in the past, for in the present building all the doors are provided with glass fronts, so every time you step into the hall you feel the piercing glance of all the teachers.

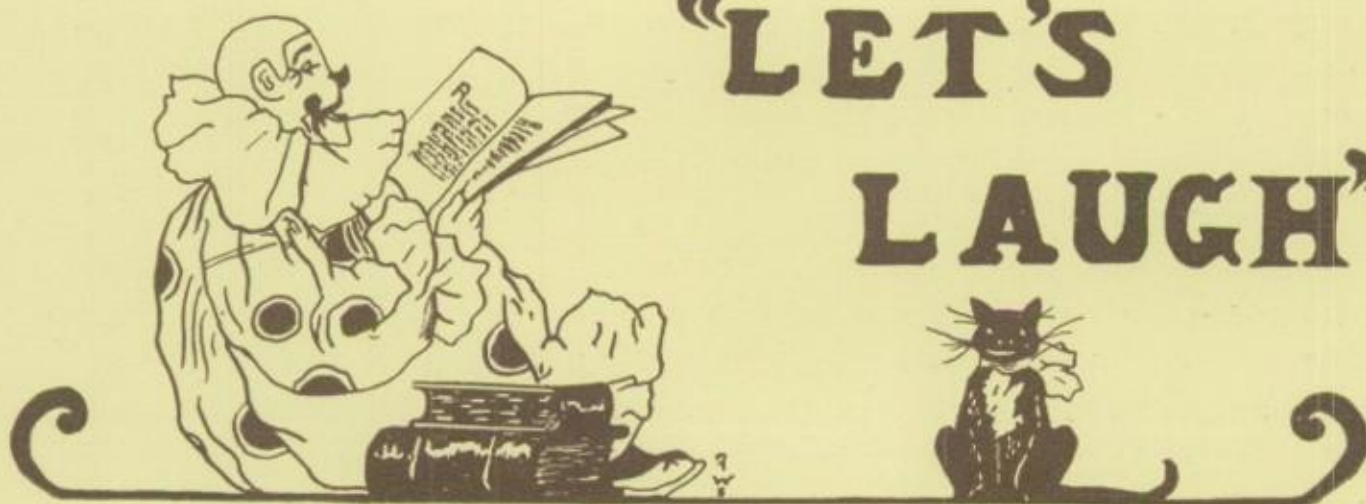
Now another "disadvantage" is the large auditorium. We have not yet become accustomed to such grandeur, for at the old school we performed on a temporary stage or platform, feeling free and at ease entertaining our fellow students, whereas, now it takes quite an amount of nerve to mount the large stage, with every one gazing at you, and do your little "stunt," with not even as much as a flower between yourself and the audience. However, the grace and ease with which to manipulate all these luxuries will gradually come to us, and we will not seem so much like pigs in parlors.

On the whole this New High School is a "fairly" respectable looking building, but, of course, it hasn't the artistic simplicity which gives the old building its imposing appearance, and while the inner walls are white and shining, there is no place to write or draw your favorite caricatures without putting them where every one can observe them, and, of course, while the teachers would be pleased to see your artistic ability expressing itself, they would feel it their duty to severely chastise you.

So taking all these things into consideration the old High School building far surpasses the new in many ways, and while the latter affords much better and more thorough means of teaching, it also has a certain "stiffness," to which the students will have to accustom themselves gradually. However, we think by the time we stop getting scared every time the gong rings, and get through "star" gazing at the new things, we will be in a fair mood to settle down and begin business.

Nancy Love, '18.

"LET'S LAUGH"



JOKES.

Santa Claus brot Ruth Appley a teddy bear for Ghristmas. It was cross-eyed, and Ruth didn't know what to name it. One day she attended Sunday School, and upon returning home, she said: "Mamma, I'm going to name my teddy Gladly."

"Why, that's a queer name; where did you get it?"

"At Sunday School they sang, 'Gladly a Cross I'd Bear,' " Ruth replied.

♪ ♪ ♪

Bob (coming home from fishing trip): "Look! That rainbow comes down right over in that field. Let's go and get that pot of gold."

Eric: "We can't; don't you see that sign, 'No Trespassing.' "

♪ ♪ ♪

Professor Scott, to Homer K.: "What was Goldsmith's point of view when he wrote 'The Deserted Village?'"

Homer: "His pen point."

♪ ♪ ♪

Tubby Long: "I received a note today from a girl that I've never seen."

Charles: "I'm sure she's never seen you, either, Tubby."

♪ ♪ ♪

Soph: "Ever take chloroform?"

Fresh: "Who teaches it?"

♪ ♪ ♪

Ray: "Are you a Democrat or a Republican, Billy?"

Billy: "Neither; I'm a Freshman."

♪ ♪ ♪

New Student: "Eric, is it necessary to know all about penmanship to be a great man?"

♪ ♪ ♪

Miss Via (in history class): "They rode in carts, horses and oxen."

♪ ♪ ♪

Mr. Buck (after delivering an address on the pine forests of Germany): "Ella, where do pine-apples grow?"

Ella: "On pine trees, Mr. Buck."

♪ ♪ ♪

Professor Scott (in Junior English): "Homer, what is the greatest newspaper in Missouri?"

Homer (quickly): "The Kolla Herald."

♪ ♪ ♪

Miss Via; "Richard, I didn't find you in Physical Geography Class this morning."

Dick: "I know it, Miss Via. I wasn't there."

"What would you do if you were in my shoes?" asked Bert Campbell, after a tuff with one of the instructors.

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said Maxine, "I'd get a pair about four sizes smaller."

o o o

Dalton: "Mr. Buck, do you like to hunt or fish?"

Mr. Buck: "Yes, indeed, son; teaching is the greatest profession of all."

o o o

Mr. Bradley (with his hands on top of his head): "I am proud of that."

o o o

Miss Via (in Ancient History): "Wanda, what happened to Babylon?" was the first query.

"It fell," replied Wanda.

"And what became of Nineveh?"

"It was destroyed," said Armin.

"And what of Tyre, Lambert?"

"It was punctured," replied Bert.

o o o

One day Charles ran into school breathlessly, after beating a big down-pour of rain.

"Gee!" he said to Professor Buck, "it looks like the Flood."

"Like the what?" Mr. Buck inquired.

"Like the Flood. You've read of the flood, and how the ark bumped on Ararat, haven't you?"

"No," admitted Professor Buck, "I've been so busy that I haven't seen a newspaper for three days."

o o o

Mr. Bradley (looking and counting down stairs) "One, two, three, four—now where did number five go?"

Then, looking over banisters: "Come here; I'm looking for you."

o o o

Wallace S.: "Mamma, I nearly went to the head of the class today."

Mrs. Smith: "How was that, Wallace?"

Wallace: "Well, there was a word that came clear down to me, and if I could have spelled it, I would have gone to the head of the class."

o o o

One day in Sophomore Latin, as Mr. Buck was ascending the stairs, a whisper of "jigger, jigger," went around the room, and he calmly remarked that he was not aware that there were any "chiggers" around this part of the country.

Professor Bradley (to Charles, in Geometry Class): "What does angle one and angle two equal?"

Charles: "Angle three, of course."

• • •

Professor Buck (in Latin): "Homer, what kind of animal do you like best?"

Homer: "Parvum equim." (Pony.)

• • •

Professor Scott: (to Minnie Fulford in History Class) "Who followed Edward VI?"

"Queen Mary," replied Minnie.

"Correct, and who followed Mary?"

"Her little lamb, of course," promptly replied Minnie.

• • •

History repeats itself, except in history class.

• • •

Professor Buck said that he wasn't with Nelson at Trafalgar. "We weren't either, Prof."

• • •

Helen, who takes care of the Freshmen from 1:45 to 2:30 P. M., came into the lab one day where Miss Via was, and said: "Miss Via, I just told one of those big Freshman boys to come in here, and big as I am, I can't make him." Miss Via went out and returned with the Freshie.

"Helen, it isn't always size that counts."

• • •

Professor Buck: (in Freshman German) "How do you pronounce 'u' in German?"

Fay: "I don't know, do you?"

• • •

Hazel Dent: "What was the other word, Mr. Buck?"

Mr. Buck: "I haven't given it out yet."

STUDENTS' CALENDAR FOR 1915-1916.



SEPTEMBER.

- Sept. 6—9:00—Our Liberty expires.
“ 9:10—The yearly crop of verdure arrives.
Sept. 10—The Freshman Class attends a party??
Sept. 15—The B. B. Teams organize.
Sept. 21—“Fair Time” in Rolla.
Sept. 24—The B. B. teams are exhibited at the Fair and win two basket-
balls.
Sept. 27—The Physical Geography Class goes on a hike.
Sept. 30—Only eight more months of school.

OCTOBER.

- Oct. 1—The Freshmen suffer many hardships; mainly Latin and hunger.
Oct. 4—When will we get into the New High School Building?
Oct. 7—We go to the Circus.
Oct. 13—Rainy; not much, but some.
Oct. 15—We have a Mass Meeting.
Oct. 21—The Junior Class organizes.
Oct. 31—Hallowe'en, “Beware of Ghosts.”

NOVEMBER.

- Nov. 1—The Exams are coming.
Nov. 3—Prof. Buck and Prof. Bradley go to Kansas City.
Nov. 4—Exams and more exams.
Nov. 16—Mr. Buck chaperons the B. B. Girls.
Nov. 24—School closes for Thanksgiving Holidays.
Nov. 25—Wedding Bells and reduction in Senior Class.
Nov. 27—Athletic Meet.
Nov. 30—Many of the Junior boys prove valiant escorts for the Sopho-
more Girls.

DECEMBER.

- Dec. 2—The Girls B. B. Team beats St. James by a score of 29-6.
Dec. 6—Bright and Fair today, yesterday, and day before yesterday.
Dec. 13—In the New H. S. Building at last.
Dec. 15—The boys B. B. Team win their first victory with St. James.
Dec. 16—The Freshman Class organizes.
Dec. 20—We are threatened with a new teacher.
Dec. 23—The Freshman give a program and the Christmas Holidays
begin.
Dec. 25—Merry Christmas everybody.

JANUARY.

- Jan. 1—Happy New Year.
- Jan. 3—Back to work.
- Jan. 4—The President of the Freshman Class almost resigns.
- Jan. 6—We have our pictures taken.
- Jan. 13—Examinations.
- Jan. 17—We get a new teacher,
- Jan. 18—We have a minstrel show!
- Jan. 26—The High School is presented with several plants.
- Jan. 31—No Latin, Mr. Buck is sick.

FEBRUARY.

- Feb. 1—We skate to school.
- Feb. 2—Mr. Buck is back again.
- Feb. 3—Many of us have stiff necks from watching the eclipse.
- Feb. 6—We go skating.
- Feb. 7—Mr. Buehler addresses the Physical Geography Class.
- Feb. 8—The Juniors give some "Program" (?)
- Feb. 10—Mr. Bradley entertains the Seniors.
- Feb. 23—The Soph's are sharks in Geometry.

MARCH.

- Mar. 1—The Baseball Team organizes.
- Mar. 6—We have an epidemic of Spring Fever.
- Mar. 15—The Rolla-Hi goes to press.

Clementine Maggi, '17.
Armin Jewell, '19.



THE ALUMNI BANQUET, 1915.

About ten years ago the alumni of the Rolla High School organized themselves into an association that has maintained its existence ever since. Each year since that time this Association has given a banquet to the graduating class of Rolla High School on the evening of its graduation. The new class is thus made a part of the Alumni Association, with feasting, mirth, and laughter.

During this evening old scenes are recalled, and old memories refreshed. The ties that bind young hearts during school days are found to exert an influence far into the future.

At the present time there are nearly two hundred members, although scattered far and wide. Many are unable to be present at the annual banquet, but messages and remembrances from the absent ones make them seem present to those in attendance.

Of all the banquets given none have been more enjoyable than the one of 1915, whose president was the jolly and witty Harry Heimberger. It is largely due to the efforts of the presidents that the banquets are each year

complete successes, and 1915 was no exception to the rule.

On the evening of May twenty-first about fifty people gathered in the parlors of the Baltimore Hotel for the annual event. Soon the guests were invited into the dining room, which was beautifully decorated in the High School colors of red and gray, with ferns and plants banked on all sides. In the center of each table was a large bouquet of crab apple blossoms, the fragrance of which filled all the room.

The four course banquet which followed was enjoyed by all, but the toasts between the courses furnished the chief pleasure. Each class was represented and responded when called upon by the toastmaster. Mr. C. M. Knapp on behalf of the school board and Superintendent Bradley on behalf of the faculty responded to toasts and portrayed the ideals of the school and prophesied its work and place in the future.

An interesting feature was the humorous characterization with which the toastmaster, Harry Heimberger, introduced each speaker. Harry truly filled the place well.

At the close of the evening a business meeting was held for the election of officers for the ensuing year. Mr. Worthy Roach was elected president and Miss Myrtle East secretary and treasurer to take the places of Harry Heimberger and Miss Elizabeth Montgomery, the retiring officers.





Advertisements.

The Editors are very grateful to the business men of the city who have so kindly co-operated with them by advertising in the Rolla-Hi. Every student should feel it his duty to patronize those whose ads appear herein, and they may be assured of receiving a square deal from each.

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Nunquam non paratus should be the motto of the nation, and of the individual. Preparedness is a duty. You have prepared yourselves for the battles of this life by acquiring the theoretical knowledge that your School could give you. The practical knowledge will come later. One thing you will find out is that insurance is the basis of all investments, and that the best method of acquiring a working knowledge of insurance is by taking out a life insurance policy.

The cost is small, and the benefits too many to enumerate.

The very best graduation present you could receive from your parents or friends would be a life insurance policy.

A practical experience of twenty-five years since leaving school gives me license to say that every successful business man carries insurance, that necessarily he has given the subject some study, that if it was not good business he would not make such investments, and that he advises every one to carry insurance according to their means and requirements.

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